

EFFICACY
OF THE
SPIRIT'S TEACHING.



Drawn & Engraved by C. Thomson, Edinburgh

Eliza, read Weep not I am gone to be happy:

See Page 6

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1830.

THE
EFFICACY
OF THE
SPIRIT'S TEACHING,
EXEMPLIFIED IN A SHORT NARRATIVE OF
MISS ELIZA S_____.

Founded on Fact.

“ Who teacheth like him ! ” — JOB xxxvi. 22.

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THE
EFFICACY OF THE SPIRIT'S
TEACHING, &c.

COROLINN, the summer residence of Mr and Mrs S., is situated in the middle of a beautiful lawn, in the south of the county of ——. Nature had been very bountiful to this lovely spot, while the hand of art served only to unfold her beauties. Every thing which could please the fancy, and delight the eye, was to be found without, while elegance and comfort reigned within.

Mr and Mrs S. had an only daughter, Eliza, to whose education and improvement their whole attention was devoted. With tender anxiety they watched the first opening buds of reason, desirous to form an amiable and use-

ful character. They checked the least appearance of a disposition to anger, impatience, or peevishness. They loved her too much, to render her miserable in future life, by over-indulgence in infancy.

They spent the winter months in Edinburgh, where their dear child had the advantage of masters in the various branches of education. In summer they went to Corolinn, where Eliza had no instructors but her parents. In the rapid progress she made in her studies, the affectionate obedience she ever manifested to them, and the gentle temper she showed on all occasions, her parents enjoyed the fruits of their constant attention, and looked forward to those years when such virtues should constitute her happiness as well as theirs, and render her worthy of the love and esteem of all who knew her.

One beautiful summer evening, when Eliza was about eight years old, having finished her lessons, she prepared as usual to go out to walk with her mamma: but Mrs S. feeling indisposed, told Eliza she might go out alone. The affectionate child kissed her mamma, hoped she might find her better when she returned, and set out to enjoy a sweet ramble. After

walking for some time in the plantation which surrounded Corolinn, she found her way across a field, which she was tempted to quit by some beautiful roses and other wild flowers growing on the other side of it. These she had been taught to admire; and the pleasure of presenting a nosegay from nature's garden, to her mamma, far more than counterbalanced the inconvenience and pain which the pulling of it had occasioned. She had not walked a mile, before her attention was attracted by a church and church-yard, the situation of which pleased her fancy. She approached the gate, and finding it open, she determined to enter, and amuse herself by reading the epitaphs. Some she found nearly illegible—the hand of time had effaced the letters of many; and others she glanced over, scarcely thinking of what she read. There was one tombstone, however, which had been but recently erected, the shape and whiteness of which formed a striking contrast with those that surrounded it. This stone excited her admiration and curiosity, and she hastened to read the inscription,

“IN MEMORY OF HARRIET M—,
WHO DIED MARCH 29TH 18—,
AGED 9 YEARS.”

Eliza started.—“ Only nine years’ old ! How sad to die so very young ! Dear, dear, I am only a year younger than she. What if I were to die so young ?” After having said this to herself, she continued to read,

“ As a flower of the field she flourished ;

“ But she was soon cut down ;

“ And the place which knew her, shall know her no more.”

Eliza burst into tears. She looked at the flowers which she had pulled for her mamma only a little before, and which the heat of her hand had already withered. Young as she was, she could not avoid tracing the resemblance between the words she had just read, and the flowers she held in her hand. Having sat and thought for some time, she rose to return home, lest her mamma should be anxious on her account ; yet three times she returned to gaze upon the tombstone, and to read the inscription. The third time she perceived, on a small ornament fixed upon the top of the stone, words which, from their being cut out in smaller characters, she had not before noticed. She went close up to it and read,

“ Weep not,”

“ I am gone to be happy ”

What could this mean? She thought in vain; it surpassed her comprehension. When she reached home, her papa and mamma were engaged in conversation about some particular business, and as it was late, she went to bed. But her young mind was too much excited to allow her to sleep. The little white grave-stone was always before her. Although she did not comprehend all, yet from what she did understand, she learned some very important and very solemn truths. Till now she had never thought of death, far less of her own mortality. But she had seen the grave of one not much older than herself, and she felt that she might die as young. Death was very awful, not because she thought of her soul—alas! she knew little of its value, or what was to become of it when her body was dead, but it seemed very sad to be laid in the grave. In the morning when she arose, she went to work in her little garden, which occupied her till breakfast time, but she did not feel the pleasure she used to do in it. She said to herself, “If I were to die, I should never use this spade more, I should never see my little garden more, and, as it was written upon the tomb-stone, “the place which knew me, shall know

me no more." Such thoughts made her very dull ; and instead of the little smiling face, with which she generally appeared at the breakfast-table, her parents were grieved to see a pale, grave countenance. During the hours for study, her mind often wandered, but her parents, fearing it proceeded from indisposition, excused it. She was sitting in the study with her papa, learning her lessons, when suddenly she said to him, " Papa, what makes people die ?" Mr S. had been watching the deep thoughtfulness of her brow, while, with her book before her, her eyes were fixed upon the ground, and her mind evidently employed with other things than her lessons. On discovering the subject of her thoughts, so unusual for a child, instead of answering her question, he began to consider what could have given rise to it. Eliza waited a minute or two, then arose, and taking his hand, said, " Papa, may I interrupt you ? Why do people die ?" " My dear Eliza knows the difference between a live animal and a dead one ?" " Yes, papa, when my little dog Cæsar was alive, he could eat and drink and play about, but when he was dead, he lay without being able to move." " But had your

little dog been asleep, he could not have run about, or ate. How do you know, when a person is asleep, whether he be alive or not?" Eliza considered and then answered, "If the person breathe, he must be alive." "Well, then, my love, it is want of breath that makes people die. It is by breathing that we are kept alive." "And, papa, when the breath goes away, and when we die, we don't feel?" "No, nor see, nor hear." "And we are of no more use?" "No." "And that is the reason we are put into a grave." She thanked her papa, kissed him, and sat down to her lessons. This conversation had partly relieved her mind, since she was assured that in the grave she should feel no pain; but even to her it seemed mortifying to be of no more use than to be laid in the dust. In the evening, having for some time walked in the garden, she went into a summer-house. A rose which she had that morning pulled for her mamma, was lying upon a small table. So earnestly was she engaged with the withered flower, that she did not observe her mamma till she was close by her. When she had wiped the leaves and dust from the seat to prepare it for her mamma, she returned to the flower, which, with the so-

lenn thoughts it recalled to her mind, engrossed her whole attention. After a silence of some time, Mrs S. said, "That rose seems a particular favourite, Eliza; can the tree not afford you another?" "Oh mamma, if you wish, I shall be very happy to fetch you one." "I don't wish one for myself; but since a withered rose pleases you so much, one in all its freshness would, I think, still more delight you." "Thank you, my dear mamma. I like the rose as it now is. I pulled it for you only this morning." "And does that make it a favourite?" "It ought to make it a favourite. But I was not thinking of having pulled it for you, but of having pulled it this morning." "And what of that, my love?" "Why, mamma, it is withered, it is dead." As she said these words the tears came into her eyes. Her mamma said to her, "My dear Eliza, why do you grieve so for a rose?" "It is not the rose which makes me sad, but" "But what then, my dear child?" "The thoughts that come into my mind, when I look at that flower." "What thoughts come into your mind?" "Mamma, you see this flower has a large rose quite blown, and a little bud. If I had not pulled it, the large rose would have

withered perhaps to-morrow ; but the little bud would have lived for a great many days, for the red does not even peep through." " But you may have many more roses, why should that make you sad?" " Because the rose is like an old person, and the bud is like myself; I mean it makes me think of myself." " How does it make you think of yourself?" " Because it is very young, and I am very young, and it has been cut down very soon, and withered, and died, and so may I." " Why should you suppose such a thing? you are not like a rose to be pulled." " Not pulled, but I may die." " But why do you think you shall die soon? You see how many people live to be old." " Yes, mamma, but some children die." " Yes, some." " And I may be one." " I hope not.—Is your mamma not kind in taking care of your health ; and if you were sick, should I not nurse you?" " Yes, my dear mamma is very very kind ; but are you sure I shall live to be old? Are you sure, if I were ever to be ill, your nursing would make me well?" " I cannot say I am sure : but I hope you shall live to be my nurse when I am an old woman." Eliza threw her arms round her mamma's neck, and said, " Mamma, if I live

I will be your nurse. But if I die —." Her mamma kissing her, replied, " We sha'n't think of that."

A week or two passed away, during which time, although Eliza said nothing of her visit to the church-yard, she often thought of it. Her visit thither awakened trains of thought perfectly new to her, and led her to consider subjects to which she had hitherto been almost a stranger.

While, with unwearied care, Mr and Mrs S. endeavoured to instil principles of honour and virtue, and to impress upon her youthful mind the necessity of morality, they neglected to assign as a motive, that it was the command of God, or, as an encouragement, that though too weak to do any thing of ourselves, there was the promise of strength to be made perfect in weakness, of grace all-sufficient, for those who supplicated it in the name of Christ. But these important truths they considered beyond the comprehension of a child. Religion was regarded by them as a system more adapted for speculation than practice. When, therefore, for the first time, Eliza thought of death as a state which would one day be hers, vague as were her ideas of God and of a world be-

yond the present, she could not but feel that in that future world she had an interest, of which before she thought not; and that between God and her soul there must be some connexion, ignorant as she was of the nature of it.

- When Mrs S. went from home, she left Eliza under the charge of a servant who had been in the family since her birth, and who felt a great interest in her. Grateful as Eliza was to her faithful attendant, she preferred the society of her mamma; therefore Mrs S.'s absence was one of her little trials. Nor did this kind parent, without reluctance, leave her little daughter, though necessity sometimes forced her to do it. About this time an occasion of this nature occurred. Never had Eliza seen her papa and mamma set off to be absent for a whole day, with as little regret as she now felt. Her papa had desired her to take a long walk, and she determined to revisit the tombstone. As soon as she had completed her task, she hastened to her pleasure. So much was she interested in the church-yard, that she seemed scarcely to have left home ere it was in sight. On drawing near, she saw a little girl taller than herself walking there. Eliza had been taught never to intrude upon

others, particularly strangers ; instead, therefore, of going to that spot, for which she felt so much veneration and love, she sat down upon a bank which overlooked the church-yard. The little stranger, whom we shall call Anne, on reaching the white monument, knelt down for a few minutes, she then read and again knelt, and on rising went away. Eliza was much surprised ;—what could she be doing ? Soon after Anne had gone out, Eliza went into the church-yard. On coming up to the little grave she saw a book lying : it was the same in which Anne had been reading. Eliza lifted it from the ground—she found that it was a Bible. She had read this book on Sabbaths, but she knew very little of it ; and she wondered much that a little girl should like to read it. While she was examining the Bible, she heard a foot-step, and, turning round, she saw the little unknown, who, having discovered her negligence, had returned in search of her treasure. Eliza restored the book : Anne thanked her, and blamed her own thoughtlessness. Pressing the Bible to her lips, she said, My twice dear book, how could I leave you behind ? This is indeed the best of books ; It is the word of God :

and to me it is very precious, it was the gift of a beloved friend."

E. " We always love what we receive from a friend."

A. " Yes, especially when it is a dying present."

" A dying present !" Eliza repeated, scarcely comprehending what she said."

A. " I received this Bible from the little girl who is buried under this stone."

E. " Did you know her ?"

A. " Yes, I knew her for two years. Oh ! she was a sweet girl ; I am sure had you known her you should have loved her."

E. " I wish I had known her. Do tell me a little about her."

A. " I shall, very willingly. She was the youngest of seven ; pretty and clever, but delicate. I saw her, for the first time, two summers ago, when I went with my aunt to her papa's. She was very kind, and did all in her power to amuse me. A few weeks after, she came to my aunt's with her papa and mamma. Ah ! I remember that day well. I had been very naughty, and my aunt was displeased with me. When the strangers came into the room, I hung down my head, and would not

speaking, which forced my aunt to explain the cause. My pride was mortified, and I left the room. Not long after, as I was walking in the garden, I saw the dear little girl running towards me;—I am ashamed to add, I turned away from her, and concealed myself behind some trees. She remained alone till it was almost dinner time; though my conscience reproached me with ingratitude, for it was not thus Harriet treated me when I went to see her. When she went into the house, I also returned; but not wishing to go into the drawing-room, I remained behind the door to listen, expecting Harriet would relate my unkindness. But I was mistaken: She was asked where she had been, and where I was: to which she replied, she had been in the garden, that I was there, but she thought I should soon be in. Her mamma asked my aunt to allow me to spend a few days with them. My aunt hesitated, as I had lately been very naughty; but Harriet spoke on my behalf so affectionately, assuring my aunt that I should behave better for the future, that I was ready to cry for having treated her so rudely. After dinner, when we were alone, she threw her arms round my neck, and said, “Are you angry with me?”

I said "No," "Do you not like me to be with you ? for if you don't I shall go to the garden." I replied, "Oh no : I don't wish you to leave me." I then began to tell her that I thought my aunt was very unjust to me, that she was angry with me for trifles, and that I did not love her at all. I wondered to see Harriet in tears ; I thought she pitied me, and so she did, but it was not the pity I expected. "Anne," she said, "I am very sorry for you ; I know you must be very unhappy." "Indeed I am," I answered.

H. "Do you know how you might be happy?"

A. "Oh yes, I should be quite happy if I was not with my aunt."

H. "Anne, I remember I once thought I should be glad if I might do whatever I pleased. An old lady invited me to go to live with her for a week ; mamma allowed me to go ; but before I left her she gave me many kind advices ; she desired me not to eat sweetmeats, as they always made me ill, and never to go out at a later hour in the evening than she allowed me when at home. My dear mamma's advices were soon forgotten. The lady indulged me in every thing ; I had all I wished. But you must not think I was happy. I

tired of every thing ; and before my visit was at an end, I was taken very ill. The doctor thought I should never recover, and I was afraid of it myself. When I thought I was going to die, I remembered my naughty thoughts and wishes ; they made me very sorry. I saw mamma was right, when she punished me for doing what was wrong. I did not know what was good for me, and I had made myself ill by acting in opposition to her advices. If our friends did not correct our tempers, we should become so unamiable, that no one would love us. It is because your aunt loves you that she tells you of your little faults. Your aunt and my mamma have lived longer than we have, and they must know what is right and what is wrong better than we do ; we must not think them cruel or unkind when they reprove us. If you would go and ask your aunt to forgive you, it would make you much happier." For some time I would not go. I wished to wait till the evening, but at last she prevailed upon me. Having obtained pardon, I returned to my dear companion. She kissed me, and said, " Now won't you ask pardon of God ?"—A. " Pardon of God ! I don't know what you mean."

H. “ When we do what is naughty, we sin against God ; we not only make our friends but God angry ; and we must ask both to forgive us. Our parents and friends can only punish our bodies, but God can cast us both soul and body into hell. ‘ It is an awful thing to bear the anger of God.’ ”

A. “ But how can I ask pardon of God ? ”

H. “ By prayer in the name of Jesus.”

A. “ I say my prayers every night, and I shall ask God to pardon me then.”

H. “ You must not wait till night ; remember God will not forgive you till you have asked him, and he might punish you before you had prayed to him. Besides, you do not know that you shall live till then ; and I am sure you do not wish to die under the anger of God.”

“ I asked her to pray for me, which she did. How sweetly she used to pray. She did not use a book ; she prayed from the heart. We seldom met that we did not pray together. I once asked her how she learned to pray : She said she could not pray but as God taught her.

“ I spent last new year’s day with her. She was then looking better than she had done for

a long time. Her mamma said to her, "I am glad to see my dear little Harriet looking so well." She answered, "My beloved mamma, let our souls bless God for it." When we were alone, she said to me, "I hope I am thankful for my present health, but I must remember I may soon die. Come, let us thank the Lord for past mercies, beg pardon for past sins, and pray for new blessings." Never shall I forget how earnestly she prayed; it was with all her heart she said, "Lord thou knowest how long we shall live, and how soon we may die. If we live, may we serve thee; if we die, may we go to be with thee." She prayed for my continuance in the world, and for many blessings, temporal and spiritual, to me; for herself she said, "Lord, I do not ask many days, unless it be for thy glory; but I ask to be made every day more fit to die." Harriet continued to enjoy good health till the middle of March. It was upon a Sabbath afternoon, as she was coming out of church, she was observed to shiver; but to her mamma's kind inquiries she replied, she felt very well, only a little cold. Next day, however, she had a good deal of fever, and her friends becoming very anxious on her account, the

physician was sent for. She became gradually worse, but nothing was apprehended during the first week. She had complained of no pain; but on the Monday following, while asleep, she groaned very much. When she awoke, her mamma asked her how she was; she said she felt a stitch in her side, which gave her considerable pain. She was much heated, and the fever was rapidly increasing. When she was able, she used to talk to them about God, but did not speak as if she thought herself dying. She expressed a desire to see me; and on the Saturday I went and saw her. She looked very ill; but she smiled, and was patient and happy. I said, I was sorry to hear she had been so ill. She said, "It was God who gave me health; now he gives me sickness and pain; but still He is good, and does all well."

A. "I hope God will be pleased to restore you to health."

H. "God knows what is best, and He will do as is best. If he gave up Jesus to die for our souls, He will take care of our bodies. Oh that I could love God more. I wish to love Jesus with all my heart."

"After talking for a little, she asked her

mamma for her Bible. She gave it her : It was the same in which I was reading, and which you found on the ground." " Thank you mamma," said Harriet, as her mamma laid her Bible on the bed ; " and now may I ask my dearest mamma to leave me for a very few minutes. I will not exert myself too much." Her mamma kissed her and left the room, while the tears were running down her cheeks. Harriet took my hand and said, " I could not bear to grieve my kind mamma, by saying before her what I wish to say to you, though I must do it soon. My dear Anne, I shall not be long here : I am very ill. Accept, then, as my dying present—this Bible. Read it often, and may you have as much enjoyment as I have had in the use of it. Do not cry ; it is not a sad thing to be with God ; and I know I shall go to him, for Jesus is my Saviour. May he be yours also." She kissed me, and desired me to call her mamma again. I went away soon after. Her last words to me were, " My dear friend, good bye. O love the Lord : it was for such as we are that he went to prepare mansions in heaven."

" On Sabbath evening following, her eldest brother was sitting with her. He asked her if

she wished him to read any of the Bible. "Do," she said, "read the 27th Psalm." On reading the 4th verse, she said, "all the days of my life! Yes, Lord, for ever and ever." When he had read the 10th verse, she looked at him; and said, "I know my brother loves me, but he should love God better. O, give to God all the love which you have hitherto bestowed on me: you will then be much happier. I shall not be always with you: God will never leave you." "And are you going to leave me?" "Yes, my dear Charles, I shall not be here long to be your little pet." "Why do you speak so?" "Do you not see that I am wearing away to dust? But let me think of the joyful state—I am going to be with God!"

C. "You do not think yourself dying?"

H. "I do: but do not look so sad: think what David said, and be sure that if you wait on the Lord he will comfort you. He will be better to you than a little sister."

"She felt better next day, and talked much to her parents, her sisters, and brothers;—but I fear I must come to a conclusion, as it grows late. Early on Tuesday morning, she was seized with a fit of convulsion, which continued

two hours : she lay pretty quietly till ten, when she called her mamma to her. "Mamma, I shall not now be long ill ; I am going to the land where there is no more pain, no more sorrow ; but I must see you all before I die." When, in compliance with her request, the family was assembled in her presence, she spoke for some time ; and seeing them in tears, she added, "Do not weep, I am going to be happy." These were the last words she spoke. In a few minutes her wishes were granted, and she was with God."

Eliza had listened with the greatest interest to this little narrative ; she had many inquiries to make respecting much that she did not understand ; but it was necessary that the two little girls should return home. On parting Eliza said to Anne, "I am very much obliged to you for having told me so much about your sweet companion ; but I should like much if you could explain to me some things which appear strange to me."

A. "I should be very happy to explain any thing I know. I fear neither of us must continue longer to-day ; but if we could meet again, we might have a little conversation on those subjects which you don't understand."

E. “ When shall you come again to the church-yard ?”

A. “ I shall be happy to come when it will be convenient for you, as at present I have no studies to occupy me.” An evening was fixed, and the little girls parted.

Eliza, on her way home, thought only of what she had heard ; she was much puzzled with many things in Harriet. Her own knowledge of religion was limited ; she knew God only as her Creator ; her conceptions of Jesus were very vague ; heaven she considered to be the abode of all, except the most criminal characters—these, she knew, had their portion in hell. She did not think herself a sinner ; as the term *sinner*, she supposed, was applied only to those who had been guilty of flagrant crimes. She had never doubted of her safety, but concluded that she should go to heaven when she died ; yet she feared death, and wondered that Harriet was so desirous of it. She longed for another interview with Anne ; and, in the mean time, though she wished to communicate to her parents what she had seen and heard, she found a difficulty in doing so which she never felt before ; and, contrary to her accustomed frankness, she said nothing

of her having been to the church-yard—of the conversation she had with Anne—or of the strange feelings it had produced in her. She felt as she had never done before, yet she could not express what the change was.

The evening on which she was to meet Anne arrived ; and at the time appointed she set out. She had chosen it, knowing that her mamma was to have an old friend with her, which would enable her to go out to walk alone.

On reaching the place of meeting, she found Anne sitting reading. “ I came a little earlier, that I might have the sad pleasure of reading near the dear remains of my beloved Harriet.”

E. “ I am not surprised that it should be a pleasure to you to come here. Although I did not know Harriet, I shall always be happy to sit here and to think of all you told me about her. There is one thing which has puzzled me much ; when she was so happy with her papa and mamma, why did she wish to die ?”

A. “ Because, though she loved her parents and sisters, and brothers very much, she loved God better ; and because, while she was on earth she often sinned, but in heaven she shall never sin.”

E. “ But why do you say she often sinned ? I am sure she was very good.”

A. “ You know, as soon as we are born, we are sinners; and the Bible says we are born in sin.”

E. “ May I interrupt you ? I did not think an infant could sin.”

A. “ Yes, even infants are sinful beings; they are partakers of a corrupt nature, and hence you often see them cry from passion ; and as soon as they are able they begin to quarrel, and often beat those who are near them. And it is very sad, that the older we grow, we learn to sin the more. How soon do we begin to tell lies, to disobey our parents or friends, and do many things we know to be wrong !”

E. “ But Harriet did not say what was untrue, or disobey her parents.”

A. “ No, she was very much afraid of telling an untruth, as she always remembered God saw her ; and I do not think, from the time of her visit to the old lady, that she did what she thought her parents would disapprove. Yet she often said to me, ‘ I am a great sinner, though a little girl ; but God, who is very merciful, has desired me to pray to

him for forgiveness.' So you see she did not think herself very good."

E. "I cannot think why she thought herself a sinner. But I do not quite understand what you mean by sin."

A. "One of the catechisms says, 'Sin is doing what God forbids us to do, and not doing what he commands us to do.'"

E. "And what had Harriet done, that God had desired her not to do?"

A. "I will tell you what she had written her last birth-day, and then you will see what sins she had committed, and how grieved she was on account of them."

" 'O Lord! thou always seest me. Thou knowest all that is in my heart; but I will tell thee how wicked it is, that I may ask thy pardon, and a new heart. I ought to love thee with all my heart, better than any person or thing in the world; but I do not. I ought to love prayer very much, and to pray very often; but I love it only a little, and I do not often pray, except in the morning and at night. I ought often to read the Bible, and do what thou hast told me to do in it; but I soon forget a great part of what I read; and I do not keep the commandments which thou hast writ-

ten. I ought to remember the Sabbath to keep it holy ; but I do many things that are wrong, and speak many words that are foolish, and even when I am in the house, I think many many thoughts that are very wicked. I ought to think often of thee, but I do not. I am a great sinner. My heart does that which is wrong, but not that which is good. Lord pardon me for Jesus' sake. My sins make me very sorry, very unhappy. I wish I were in heaven, that I might not sin any more.' ”

E. “ I did not understand before what sin was. I never thought myself a sinner. But if what you have now told me be sins, then I have sinned very often. I never thought what it was to love God, and I do not know whether I ever loved him. I almost never pray but on Sabbath mornings and evenings, and never read the Bible but on that day ; and when I do read it, I only think of the stories. I do not understand what Harriet meant when she spoke of keeping the Sabbath holy.”

A. “ You know the Sabbath is called the Lord's day, because God has set it apart for his own worship. We must not on that day

do our own works, or speak and think about our amusements or studies."

E. "Will you tell me how Harriet spent her Sabbaths, that I may understand you better."

A. "Her first employment, both on the Sabbath and week-day mornings, was to read the Bible and pray. She then learnt part of a chapter or a hymn. When she was able, she went to church morning and afternoon; or if unable to go out, she read such books as she could understand—in general, the lives and writings of those who had gone to heaven. When the family had returned from church, they were all assembled, and their papa talked to them of what they had been hearing, asked them what they remembered, and explained to them what they did not understand. After tea, her mamma heard her repeat her catechism, and what she had learnt in the morning; she talked to her about good things, and prayed with her. Then Harriet read till her papa was ready to have family prayer; for every morning and evening all the family and servants were collected, and her papa read a chapter of the Bible, sung a hymn and prayed."—"Oh!" said Eliza, "if Harriet thought

herself a sinner, what must I be !—But I thought no sinners went to heaven.” “ No ;” said Anne, “ if we continue in sin, we cannot go to heaven.”

E. “ I am very ignorant ; will you explain what it is to continue in sin ?”

A. “ I ought to have said, if we love sin we cannot go to heaven ; for we not only commit sin, but we love to do it, till God change our heart.”

E. “ What do you mean by God’s changing our hearts ?”

A. “ When God changes our hearts, we hate sin, we are grieved when we do any thing to offend him, we love him with all our hearts, and delight in serving him.”

E. “ Do those whose hearts are changed sin against God ?”

A. “ Yes ; but it always grieves them, and they pray to God to pardon to them.”

E. “ Do you know why they sin, since it grieves them so much ?”

A. “ My aunt has often tried to explain it to me. She once said to me that sin was like some weeds which could not be rooted out, for soon after they were taken out, they sprang up again. Sin is deeply planted in

us, and though it may be weakened, it will not be quite destroyed till we go to heaven."

E. " I am sure Harriet's heart was changed, for she loved God, and hated sin." "

A. " Yes, she was a child of God, and her heavenly Father took her to be with himself."

E. " I do not think my heart is changed ; can I not change it myself?"

A. " No, no ; none can change our hearts but God."

E. " Are there not many people whose hearts are not changed ?"

A. " Yes, there are many."

E. " Why are their hearts not changed ?"

A. " Because they neither come to God, nor depend upon the promises of God for a new heart."

E. " Will God give me a new heart, and forgive all my sins ?"

A. " Yes, if you pray to him in the name of Jesus, sincerely desiring it."

E. " I know that Jesus is God the Son, and I have heard him called the Redeemer, but I never thought what it meant."

A. " He is called Redeemer or Saviour, because he saves his people from the love and power of sin, as well as from its punishment."

E. "Are they whose hearts are made new called his people?"

A. "Yes, it was to obtain for them freedom from sin, that Jesus left the throne of heaven, was made a little child, lived a life of suffering, and died on the cross; so you see we ought always to pray in his name, for it is not for any thing in us, miserable sinners, but only for the sake of Jesus Christ, that God hears our prayers."

E. "I think it is in the New Testament that we read about Jesus Christ; but I have not read it for a long time, because I liked better to read the stories in the Old Testament."

A. "I hope you will read in the New, as well as in the Old Testament; and when you read, pray to God to teach you to understand his word."

E. "But I cannot pray, I can only say one prayer, which mamma taught me."

A. "But if you ask, God will teach you."

E. "Will you tell me how you know so much?"

A. "I know very little; but my aunt has very kindly instructed me since I have lived

with her ; and from the Bible and my catechism, I have learned the little I know."

E. " I have not yet learnt the catechism ; but mamma says, when I am older I shall learn it, as I shall then understand it better."

A. " Dr Watts' first and second catechisms are very easy ; I am sure you would understand them, and they would teach you many things."

E. " I am much obliged to you for telling me so many things that I never knew before. O ! I am very ignorant, and I must be a very great sinner. Till to-day, I always thought I should go to heaven ; but now I think I shall go to hell." Eliza burst into tears ; Anne affectionately took her hand, and said, " Jesus died to save the souls of sinners. He is able, he is willing to save yours. Hell is the place of punishment for those who will not come to Christ, to be saved from their sins ; but are you not willing to be saved from sin ?"

E. " Oh yes ! I am willing."

A. " Then you need not be afraid : for God never casts away any who come to him, depending on the merits of the Lord Jesus. And I hope when we die our souls shall go to be with God for ever in heaven."

E. "I do not understand why the body dies, and the soul lives."

A. "It is because of sin. There is a verse in the New Testament which says, 'By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.' Death, in another verse, is called 'the wages of sin.' But it is only our bodies which die, because the soul is a spirit, and a spirit cannot die."

E. "Thank you ; I understand now what I wished to know. And when we die, our souls go either to heaven or hell. Oh, may mine go to heaven !"

A. "Yes, I hope we shall both meet there, never to part. I am sorry that I shall not be able to see you again, as I go home to-morrow ; but I shall often think of you, and pray for you."

E. "I shall think of you every day ; and, when God teaches me, I shall pray for you."

The little girls bade each other farewell.

This conversation made a deep impression upon Eliza's mind ; and from this time she was engaged in the pursuit of better things than this world affords. Perhaps some of my little readers may wonder that Eliza was so ig-

norant ; but remember she had not been taught. You may know more than she knew at the time of which I am now speaking ; but are you sure you practise what you know ? The things that Eliza knew, influenced her conduct. They were not only in her head, but in her heart. God was her teacher ; she prayed to him, and he gave her grace, not only to know, but to do his will. And if you, my little friend, only know what is good, without doing it, your knowledge will be of little use. Like this little girl, of whom you have been reading, pray to God, and he will enable you to do what is pleasing in his sight.

The Bible was now Eliza's daily companion. Not only in the morning and in the evening did she read it with prayer, but often during the day, when she was alone, and not otherwise employed. In all she did, she tried to please God. In her studies she was diligent, because in obeying her parents, she knew God's commandments were obeyed. If she committed a fault, she did not now conceal it, because she knew God saw her. Although she often amused herself, and was cheerful and contented, she often thought of heaven

and hell,—of God and of Jesus,—of death and the grave; and this made her serious and fearful; for though she had begun to love God, she remembered she had often sinned against God. Her parents often remarked the thoughtful expression of her countenance, and her mamma sometimes feared her health was not such as she could have wished. One day when she had been thinking very earnestly for some time, her papa said to her, “My Eliza is deeply engaged with some very interesting and very important subject, is she not?”

E. “Yes, papa, I was thinking of something both interesting and important.”

Mr S. “And what is this interesting and important subject?”

E. “It is my soul.”

Mr S. “Can you tell me what there is interesting and important in it?”

Eliza having considered for a little, replied, “You told me a few days ago, that every thing which concerned us was interesting to us,—my soul was the subject of my thoughts, and as it shall live for ever, it must be interesting to me.”

Mr S. “You are right, the subject is both interesting and important. The immortality

of the soul has employed the pen of many wise men both in ancient and modern times."

E. "Papa, does immortality mean never dying?"

Mr S. "Yes, my love."

E. "There are some very sad thoughts in thinking about the soul."

Mr S. "What are they?"

E. "I am sometimes afraid that my soul shall live in misery that will never end."

Mr S. "Why do you think so?"

E. "Because I am a great sinner."

Mr S. "How can you think yourself a great sinner?"

E. "I have often done what God has forbidden me to do."

Mr S. "But God is very merciful."

E. "Yes, papa, I know he is."

This interesting conversation was here interrupted. But from it, Mr S. began to discover the cause of his daughter's thoughtfulness. Her knowledge of divine things was increasing, her mind was rapidly opening, and her parents were soon to see evidently the change which had taken place. "Have you been crying?" said her mamma, one day to her. She replied, "Yes, mamma." "And why, my love?"

E. “ Because, mamma, I have been reading a passage in the Bible, which made me look upon myself with fear.”

Mrs S. “ Read to me the passage.”

Eliza then read in the fifteenth chapter of St John from the first to the tenth verse. When she had finished, she said, “ Now, mamma, God the Father is the husbandman, Jesus is the vine, and I am a branch, which I am afraid brings forth no fruit ; and if it is so, God will cast me away from him, and I shall live for ever in hell.”

Mrs S. “ What do you understand by bringing forth fruit ?”

E. “ I think it is to keep God’s commandments.”

Mrs S. “ And have you not kept God’s commandments ?”

E. “ Oh no, mamma, I have often, often, broken them.”

Mrs S. “ Tell me one commandment that you have broken.”

E. “ I read in the Bible yesterday one commandment called the first and great commandment, which I know I have not obeyed. It is, ‘ Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all

thy mind." Instead of loving God with all my heart, I fear I have not loved him at all. I ought to love God better than any one else, and I have loved every thing better than God."

A few days after this, Eliza was reading alone in an alcove. Her mamma was walking in the garden, and observed her very intently perusing a book which seemed, by the smile on her countenance, to delight her very much. "You seem much pleased with your book, Eliza," said her mamma. "What is the name of the book that brightens with a smile your little countenance?" Eliza, shewing her mamma the book, said, "it is my favourite, my dear book, the Bible."

Mrs S. "Shew me where you were reading?"

E. "I was reading the eighteenth chapter of St Luke; the part that pleased me was at the 15th verse, 'And they brought unto him also infants,' &c.; but O! mamma, this is what makes my heart ready to burst with joy, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Mrs S. "But I am sure you have often heard that text before?"

E. "Perhaps I have, mamma, but I never

thought what it meant, and I never felt it before."

Mrs S. "What do you mean, my dear, when you say you never felt it before?"

E. "I never thought before who spoke those words, or to whom they were spoken. But while I was reading it now, mamma, I felt that Jesus was speaking, speaking to little children, sinful children, and it seemed as if he said these words to me. I could not help loving Jesus, who is so very great, yet so very kind; and then I felt so very happy, when I read, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" Throwing her arms round her mamma's neck, she added, "O! my dear mamma, think how good Jesus is to offer heaven to so sinful a little girl as I am, to invite me to come to him. I must, I do love Jesus, for he loves little children, and I hope, I think, he will love me."

Mrs S. heard such remarks as these from her little daughter with pain; because, although she was very desirous of her mental improvement, she would have preferred a disposition more inclined to the things of this world. If, therefore, she was gratified by seeing in Eliza a reflecting mind, every feeling of delight was checked by the recollection

that her thoughts were engaged with the glories of eternity, and that perhaps she might not be long spared to them. She expressed her apprehensions to Mr S. who, while he was not devoid of fear, said, “ Our dear Eliza is in excellent health, and we must not adopt as our sentiments, the superstitious adage, that ‘ She is too good to live.’ ”

Some weeks after their return to town, one beautiful Sabbath morning, Mr S. said, “ I regret that I have to go some miles into the country, to see my friend T—— on a little piece of business, as I should have enjoyed a little excursion on so fine a day, with my dear wife and daughter.”

Mrs S. “ Oh, I am sorry we shall be deprived of your company. I hope you may return to dinner.”

Mr S. “ Yes, I shall see you then.”

Mrs S. “ I have heard a great deal of Mr —— . I purpose to go to hear him to-day. Dr —— so seldom preaches, and I do not much relish the sermons of some of the preachers who supply his place.”

Mr S. “ Do as you like, my love.”

Eliza accompanied her mamma to Mr ——’s church. After dinner, when sitting with her

parents, she said with much earnestness to Mr S., " O, papa, I wish you had heard Mr —— to-day ; I am sure you would have liked him."

Mr S. " You liked him, I suppose ?"

E. " Yes, very much. I never heard any one preach who pleased me so much."

Mrs S. " He is certainly a superior preacher, and his language was truly beautiful."

Mr S. " So mamma is attracted by the poetic language, and my little girl by the silver tones of Mr ——'s voice."

E. " No, papa, I hope it is neither the fine language, nor the soft voice that attracts us, but the truths he preaches."

Mr S. " But do you not hear the same truths from Dr ——, or from those who assist him ?"

E. " I suppose they preach the same, but"—

Mr S. " But what, my love ?"

E. " I was going to say that they did not seem to be the same as Mr ——'s."

Mr S. " What is the difference between them ?"

E. " I do not know very well, papa ; but I understand Mr —— better than the other preachers, for what he says I feel, and what he says is written in the Bible."

Mr S. "What did Mr—— say that you felt?"

E. "When he prayed, he told God the very sins that are in my heart; and he asked the things I want most; and he spoke of Jesus Christ as the Bible does; and from what he said, I know more about Jesus than I ever knew before."

Mr S. "But do not the other preachers say the same things?"

E. "Since I came from Corolinn, I have listened very attentively, at least as long as I could, for my mind gets fatigued, and I never heard them explain the Bible or pray as Mr—— does. Papa, will you get a pew in Mr——'s church? I should like to hear him every Sabbath."

Mrs S. "I willingly second your motion, Eliza."

E. "Don't say so, papa; let most votes carry; do vote with us?"

Mr S. "Ah, you little coxer, it is impossible to put a negative on your request."

E. "My dear papa, thank you."

Eliza's desire was gratified, as her papa obtained a few sittings in Mr——'s.

The following week Eliza went with her mamma to a bookseller's, to purchase some books. While her mamma was making her selection.

Eliza was no less busy. On the back-shop table were laid out many tracts, catechisms, and other little works of a religious nature; from these Eliza selected Dr Watt's Catechisms, the Young Cottager, and several others, and when Mrs S had finished her choice, she said to her, "Mamma, will you allow Mr —— to send these little books with your parcel?" Her mamma consented, and they were sent. Mrs S. never allowed Fiza to read any book before she had herself perused it; after having examined her present choice, she gave her them, not without surprise that her infantine mind should fix upon works of such a nature.

Often did Eliza think of Anne, and often did she pray to be made like Harriet. On no day, however, did she so often recall her interesting history, as on Sabbath. On that day, she frequently said to herself, "Would Harriet have done this?" or, "How differently Harriet spent her Sabbaths; I wish papa and mamma taught me, as her papa and mamma taught her." Such thoughts soon led her to inquire, *why* they did not? She remembered that the hearts of all were not changed—that they only whose hearts were changed, loved God, and she feared that their

hearts were unrenewed. When she thought of this, she wept—she prayed for them. Formerly Eliza, on Sabbath mornings, lay in bed much later than on week-day mornings ; she went to church in the morning with her mamma, and in the afternoon, when the weather was fine, she went with her parents to walk or ride ; when it was not, she sometimes read a little in the Bible. They had frequently small dinner-parties, or if they were alone, Mr S. read the newspapers ; thus Eliza had always considered Sabbath as ending with the church service in the morning. Now, however, not only her opinions, but her conduct was changed, and very differently did she spend that sacred day. In the morning she rose as early as on other days ; reading the Bible and prayer employed her till breakfast ; after breakfast she learnt a hymn, or some verses in the Bible, or some of Dr Watt's Catechism. On her return from church in the morning, she went to her own room, and wrote down what she remembered of the sermon or prayers. After dinner she did the same. She then committed the whole to memory, and from it formed a prayer. In the evening she read the works of serious authors, a very good collection of which she had ob-

tained with her mamma's consent ; and at these seasons she was peculiarly earnest in praying for her beloved parents.

There had not been, since their leaving Corollum, a Sabbath sufficiently fine to permit them to take a walk. This had much rejoiced Eliza, for she now thought it was not right to walk for pleasure on this holy day. One clear frosty day in December, as they came out of church in the morning, Mr S. proposed a walk in the afternoon, to which Mrs S. assented. Eliza was grieved : Was it right to go ? No. Was it right to disobey her papa, who told her she was to accompany them ?

When they reached home, she said to her papa, " Papa, I am going to ask a favour."

Mr S. " What is the favour ?"

E. " It is, that you will not ask me to go out to walk to-day."

Mr S. " Are you fatigued ?"

E. " No, papa."

Mr S. " Why then do you not wish to walk ? I am sure you are a very good pedestrian."

E. " I like very much to walk upon a week-day, but not on the Sabbath."

Mr S. " And why not on Sunday ?"

Eliza hesitated. Her papa repeated the

question ; she then replied, “ Because, papa, the Bible says, ‘ Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,’ and if it is wrong to do unnecessary work, it must be wrong to take one’s pleasure on the Sabbath.”

Mr S. “ Will you not then accompany your mamma and me ?”

E. “ I would rather not go, dear papa.”

Mr S. “ I will not ask you to do what you think is wrong ; but how will you spend your time ?”

E. “ I should like to go to hear Mr —— ; may I go ?”

Mr S. “ Yes, my love, and mamma and I shall go also.”

E. “ Thank you, papa.”

A few weeks after the foregoing conversation, Dr B., a particular friend of Mr S., came to town, and spent a few days with him. As Dr B.’s time was much engaged, Mr S. invited a few friends to dine with him on Sabbath. Their conversation during dinner was far from being suitable to the day ; and often did Eliza long for the moment when she might leave the room. As soon as she was alone, she burst into tears, and hastening to the throne of grace, there laid her sorrows before God.

It was for the souls of her papa and mamma that she prayed, and such a subject called forth every feeling of her heart.

When Mr S.'s friends had gone, Dr B., with whom Eliza was a great favourite, inquired where she had been all the evening, remarking to her mamma her gravity, when she was in the room. Mr S. said, "Eliza is a very singular child, she has formed very strict notions of religion, which are very uncommon for one of her age." He then related the last conversation: "but," continued he, "I hear her coming, she will tell you where she has been, or what she has been doing, for although, during the week, she seems to enjoy our society much, on the Sabbath evenings she always sits alone; and I must acknowledge, the last two or three conversations of a religious nature that I had with her so depressed me, that I am weak enough to avoid any thing that might lead to it."

When Eliza came into the room, Dr B. took her on his knee, and asked her where she had been all the evening? "In the study."

Dr B. "And what have you been doing?"

E. “ Reading, Sir.”

Dr B. “ Well, now, I am sure, you are able not only to tell me the name of the book, but the particulars ?”

E. “ I was reading, in St Luke’s gospel, the account of our Saviour’s resurrection and ascension.”

Dr B. looked at *Mr S.* and exclaimed, “ It is indeed wonderful !” *Eliza’s* countenance immediately became animated ; and not understanding the cause of the Doctor’s exclamation, she said, “ O ! yes, it is wonderful ; that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten son to die for us. We did not love God, but he loved us ; and our adored Saviour died for us, when we were enemies and rebels. O ! what wonderful love ! there is no love like this love.”

Mr S. was astonished ; he had never taught his child these divine truths, yet she knew them well—she felt them too. The Spirit of God must have been her teacher ; and “ who teacheth like him ?”

In the month of March, *Eliza* took the measles, but so slightly, that in a fortnight she seemed quite well again ; and as the weather was uncommonly fine, her medical

attendants gave her permission to go out in a coach. All the care of an affectionate mother was employed in protecting her frame from the cold ; but health and sickness are in the Lord's hands, and when he appoints sickness, all our efforts to prevent its approach are vain. On the following day, Eliza was seized with inflammation in the chest ; the severe remedies of blister and bleeding very quickly reduced her to a state of great weakness ; but although she suffered great pain, she never murmured. She was too weak to speak, but she could pray, and God gave her patience. The inflammation at last subsided, and she began, but very slowly, to gain strength. One evening, while Mr S. was sitting by her bedside, she said to him, " Oh, papa, I cannot talk much, but do speak to me of God, and of heaven, and of my soul—I can listen." Mr S. knew not how to address her on these subjects : he had not thought much of them himself, and she knew far more than he did. He was much affected. Eliza saw this, and said, " If, papa, it is too much for you to talk, will you read to me ? my Bible is on the table. Read to me the 14th chapter of St John." When he had read the

second verse, she said, "That is a sweet verse ; it always makes me happy. Many mansions ! There is one for you papa, and one for mamma, and one for me. My dear papa," she added, "do not look so sad,—the thought of heaven ought to make us glad ; and it is in heaven that Jesus has prepared mansions."

The following Sabbath, she was able to sit up a little, and in the evening her papa came and sat by her, as he said, to amuse her ; mamma being also present.

"Come, my dear Eliza," he said, "I have brought up the newspapers ; there is some very interesting information, such as I know you like." "Thank you, papa, but I don't wish to hear it to-night."

"Well, we shall chat a little." Mr S. then related some things, both amusing and ludicrous. Eliza looked very thoughtful ; she did not smile. "I fear," said her papa, "I fatigue you." "Oh, no, my dear papa, but if you will not be displeased"—

"Displeased ! oh no, my love."

"Well, papa, I do not like to talk about these things to-day, for it is the Sabbath."

Mr S. "What, then, would my dear Eliza like ?"

“ If you will allow me,” replied she, smiling sweetly, “ I will read a little to you.”

Mrs S. “ It will fatigue you, Eliza.”

E. “ Oh no, mamma, I have had a long rest this afternoon ; and I shall not read much.”

She then read the first twelve verses of the eleventh chapter of St Luke, and a hymn from the Olney collection.

“ Come, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
Jesus loves to answer prayer,” &c.

When she had finished, she took Mr S.’s hand, and said, “ I have read, papa, will you pray ?” Mr S. had not expected this request ; he was too much a stranger to the sacred employment, and felt on the present occasion unfit for the performance of it. Pressing her hand to his lips, he said, “ Oh ! my child I cannot.”

She looked at her mamma, as if to make the same request ; Mrs S., however, prevented the question, by saying, “ Perhaps, Eliza, if it is not too great an exertion, you will.” “ No, my beloved mamma, prayer will not fatigue me. I cannot kneel, but I know God will hear me, for it is the heart he demands.” Her parents knelt down, while she, in the language of a child, but breathing the true

spirit of prayer, addressed the mercy-seat in behalf of herself and her parents.

Eliza gained strength very slowly ; her chest was weak, and she suffered much from a cough, which prevented her exerting herself. The physician advised change of air, and early in June they went to Corolinn.

Mrs S. was very sanguine in her expectations of the benefit to be derived from the pure air of her native soil. Mr S., on the other hand, saw his idolized child about to be taken from him, and he could only view the dark event with horror. He could not help contrasting the state of health in which she left Corolinn, with that in which she returned to it. Then, she was in the bloom of health, enjoying every thing around her, with all the vivacity which children naturally feel ; now, she sat propped up with pillows, feeling all the pain of weakness, her pale face only varied by the hectic flush after coughing, or when fatigued. During the journey, she felt very languid, and slept a good deal. While Mr S., as he supported her, gazed upon his sleeping child, his mind was overwhelmed with the most agonizing anticipations ; at length, forgetting the presence of either his wife or child, he exclaimed,

“ Oh ! my child, my darling child, I cannot part with you !” Eliza, who heard these words, opened her eyes, looking up to her papa, said, “ Not though God should ask you ?” He answered in a tone of extreme distress, “ I trust God will not demand such a sacrifice.” Mrs S. endeavoured to whisper to him all the comfort which supported her own mind, but he heard her not ; he covered his face, and wept bitterly. Eliza was silent for some time ; at last she said, “ Papa, suppose you had lent some one something, with this condition, that when you wished it he was to restore it, would you not think it strange if the person grumbled, and thought it hard when you asked him for it ?” The sound of Eliza’s voice recalled Mr S.’s composure. She continued, “ Now, papa, God only lent me to you ; and why do you call it a sacrifice, when he only asks his own, which he had lent you ?”

Mr S. was silent ; he felt his child was his teacher, and whatever might be his feelings, he determined to restrain himself before her. “ But, Eliza,” said Mrs S., “ you are not going to leave us ? The air of Corolinn will soon revive you.”

“ O yes, mamma, God can make me well if at be his will.”

For some time, she derived from the change of air all the benefit her anxious parents could desire. She was ordered to be as much out as possible; and as the weather was uncommonly fine, she soon gained sufficient strength to ride, without much fatigue, for some hours. Mr S.'s hopes now returned, and in proportion to his recent grief was his present joy; yet he wished Eliza were more engaged with the things of this life; and sometimes he feared, from her serious attention to religion, that her abode on earth was to be short. Frequently he wondered what had induced so remarkable a change upon her, while he admired the consistency it had produced; but what he longed to know, he dreaded to ask.

One day, Mr S. said as they were going out, "Well, where shall we drive to-day?"

Eliza looked at her mamma with a smile. "Ah," said Mrs S., "I see our dear Eliza has some place in prospect; you may choose my love."

Eliza had long wished to revisit the churchyard, but she was unable to walk, and this was the place she had in prospect. Being permitted therefore to choose, she directed her

papa where to drive. When they were a short distance from the church-yard, she said, "Now, papa, will you stop?" This was no uncommon request; for, fond of fine prospects, she took great delight in gazing upon them.

"I have often admired the situation of the village of ——," said Mr S.

"It possesses every natural advantage, which the hand of industry has by no means diminished," said Mrs S.

"But what do you think of the situation of the church, papa and mamma?"

"It is a very romantic spot."

"They have," said Mr S., "chosen a situation well adapted for its use. I like to muse in a country church-yard, when its appearance is interesting. The feelings produced are certainly very fine."

"It is a sweet, a very sweet spot. How much I love it!" As Eliza said this, she looked earnestly at this favourite spot, and the tears came into her eyes. "Papa," she added, "since you like to muse in a church-yard such as this, will you drive down and take a turn in it?" "Certainly, my love."

Mrs S. "Why, my love, have you so strong an affection for this spot?"

E. “ Because there, mamma, I first learned how I might be happy in another world.”

As they entered the church-yard, “ Come,” said Eliza, taking a hand of each parent, “ I shall shew you what I have long wished to tell you of.” She led them to the little white gravestone. “ Once I never thought of any thing but happiness on earth ; here I was taught that there is another and a better place.”— “ But when did you visit this ?” asked her mamma. Eliza then gave her parents an account of her first visit to this little grave, and of the impression it made. Mr and Mrs S. were much interested by the recital ; but as Eliza looked fatigued, they refused to gratify themselves by hearing the progress of her mental history, during the remainder of their drive. In the evenings Mr S. read aloud for the improvement of his beloved child ; instead, however, of getting the book as usual, seeing she had recovered from her fatigue, he said to her, “ Eliza, how did you learn happiness from your visit to the church-yard ? I am sure you were quite the reverse the following day ; at least your countenance betrayed the deepest distress, when you inquired ‘ why people die ? ’ ”

Eliza remembered the conversation, and the knowledge she had since acquired on that subject, made her smile at the strange question. "Yes, papa, my first visit produced only painful feelings, but I visited it more than once." She then told her parents of her interviews with Anne, of the history of little Harriet, and of the impressions made upon her own mind. This little narrative did more than interest Mr S. He now saw a reality in religion which he had never seen before ; and he was brought to acknowledge that what he had deemed enthusiasm, was the wisdom and the power of God, and alone able to constitute real happiness. Mrs S., while attending the ministry of Mr —, had been brought to feel the truth of religion. She wished to become a Christian ; but she had not been led to cast away all self-righteous dependencies, to accept of the free grace of God through a Mediator ; and therefore she knew not the comfort arising from the glorious gospel of the blessed God. But the Lord was leading her to himself by a way that she knew not ; and He, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings perfects strength, was making her own child the feeble, but, in his hands,

the efficient instrument of teaching her the way of salvation by a Redeemer.

From this time Eliza threw off all reserve on the subject of religion. A few evenings afterwards, she said to her papa, "Papa, I am going to ask a great favour, you must grant it. I am now very much better, will you allow me to go to church?"

"My dear Eliza, you are indeed greatly better, but you do not know your own weakness, if you suppose yourself able to go so far."

"Yes, papa, I know it is a very long way to our own church, but I am sure I should not be the worse for going to the church we saw the other day."

"What! leave the parish church?"

"Oh yes, papa, never mind whether it is our parish church or another parish church; it is the house of God."

"And what would Mr —— say to you for not going to hear him?"

"I dare say he will be very glad to hear I am able to go to any church, whether I hear him or not. So, dear papa, do say I may go."

She used every persuasion, and at last obtained a promise, that if she continued better, and the following Sabbath proved a fine day,

she should be permitted to go.—Earnestly did she long for the Sabbath, and truly delighted she was when she saw the sun shining very sweetly. On the way to church, she said, “How very kind God is to allow me again to enter his house!” She listened with much attention, and she said to her mamma afterwards, “When I felt my mind think of other things, I prayed to God to give me strength of body, and a heart to attend.” She did not look around her—she seemed to remember she was in God’s house. So much was she engaged with “things divine,” that she did not perceive an old friend, who, however, recognised her, and as they were going out of the church, came and shook hands with her. It was Anne, who was now on a visit to Mr and Mrs M.,—Harriet’s parents. Eliza introduced Anne to her parents, who were by her introduced to Mr and Mrs M. They had received from Anne the interesting conversations which had taken place at the grave of their own child, and they were prepared to love Eliza, whose mild and gentle appearance still further confirmed it. They saw her invalid state, and as they had a room adjoining the vestry, fitted up for their accommodation between sermons, they begged

Mr and Mrs S. would remain till their dear charge was a little rested. They gladly accepted the kind offer.

Eliza's affectionate heart was touched by the kindness, not only of Anne, but of each of Mr M.'s family.

"And now," said Mr S., after she had rested half an hour, "we must leave our kind friends."

"Why, papa, do let me remain to the afternoon service."

"You are not able for it, my love."

Eliza would have pleaded, but Mr M. took her hand kindly, and said, "My dear young friend, God has in some measure restored your strength, and it is for his service, but it would not be serving him, did you, by over exertion, retard your recovery. Don't you remember the text. 'I will have mercy and not sacrifice?' God may be worshipped in the closet as well as in the church. Come, my dear little girl, say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not the benefits he has this morning bestowed, in strengthening me for hearing his word, and be submissive to his will in not giving strength for again entering his courts.' You know you may keep the fifth commandment, though you

do not forget the fourth.” “ Thank you, sir,” said Eliza, “ I will follow your kind advice. Papa, I am ready to go.”

“How much did this love to God, and this obedience to her parents, endear her to all present !

When they parted, she said to Anne, “ Shall I not see you again ? I am not able to walk here to meet you.”

“ No,” said Mr M. “ but I shall take Anne to see you before she returns home.” This promise received a hearty welcome.

In the beginning of the week Mr S. had letters which required his absence from home for a short time. Although Eliza’s present convalescent state made him feel less pain in parting with her, to both parent and child it was a trial. In spite of her efforts, no sooner had she had the last distant peep of his figure, than she burst into tears. Her mamma endeavoured to cheer her by the prospect of his speedy return ; but in vain—she continued to indulge her grief. Mrs S. was exceedingly grieved to find Eliza thus indulge her temper ; and finding she would not listen to reason, she sat down to work. Eliza having cried for some time, became more composed, and short-

ly after, left the room. Mrs S. at last became uneasy lest she should have gone away, only in solitude to indulge her sorrow, and she went in search of her. Eliza's room was adjoining her mamma's, and a door led from the one to the other. When Mrs S. went into her own room she thought she heard Eliza's voice, and listening, she discovered she was engaged in prayer. Mrs S. therefore went down stairs again, and presently Eliza followed. Throwing her arms round her mamma's neck, she said, "My dear mamma, do forgive me, I have indeed been very naughty this morning ; but I am very sorry for it." Mrs S. returned the affectionate child's embrace ; and made her happy, by assuring her of her forgiveness.

Mrs S. and Eliza had sat together very quietly for more than an hour, when the latter was attracted to the window by the sound of distant wheels ; and on looking out, she saw a gig coming up the avenue.

"Oh mamma," she said, "there is a gig coming up ; I am sure it is Anne and Mr and Mrs M. ! I am quite right ; how very kind it is !"

"It is indeed very kind," replied her mamma, as she rose to go out to welcome them. When the first gratulations were over, the two young

friends retired, and spent an hour or two, not only happily, but profitably. Anne had discovered, from a few remarks Eliza had made the previous Sabbath, that she had acquired considerable knowledge of those things which last summer were strange to her; and she longed to know how it was so. Eliza, in the course of their conversation, gave her friend the account we have already narrated. When they were to part, Eliza said, "How happy I have been with you, when will you come again?"

A. "I should be delighted, my dear Eliza, to come and see you, not once, but often, but I fear for the present I must say good bye, as I and Catherine M—— return to school next week, and to-morrow I go home to be with my aunt for a few days."

Eliza looked very sad, and kissed Anne, then turned away to conceal her tears. Anne took her hand, and said with kindness, "My very dear Eliza, do not cry; at Christmas I shall be in Edinburgh, with my aunt, and I shall come and see you there."

E. "No, Anne, I do not think you shall."

A. "Why not?"

E. "Because, before winter come I shall

he —— ; but," she said with a sweet smile, " we shall meet in heaven."

This interesting conversation was interrupted by the announcement of dinner ; and Anne and Eliza had no opportunity of renewing it. When they said, " Farewell," both seemed to feel its full import. Mr M. said, " I shall come some day and give you a ride in your papa's absence; will you trust me ?" The pleasure that the proposal gave her answered the question, and they set off.

Next day Eliza and her mamma walked in the garden ; the day was extremely beautiful, and Eliza felt a great desire to work in her little piece of ground, but Mrs S. dissuaded her from it. " Well, mamma, while you are giving the gardener directions. permit me to pull a flower for you from my own little garden ?" " Yes, my love."

When Mrs S. had finished talking with the gardener, she turned round for Eliza, and observed her standing at a little distance, with a nosegay of different flowers in one hand, in the other a solitary rose, on which she was looking intently, while a silent tear strayed down her cheek, which she wiped off, and join-

ing her mamma with a sweet smile, presented to her the bouquet. After a short walk, they rested in the arbour we before mentioned.

"I forgot," said Mrs S. "to give James this seed."

"Oh, mamma, let me take it to him; it is so long since I have done any thing for you." Seeing her mamma hesitate. "Indeed, I am not fatigued; see he is working very near us." Eliza lifted the seed, and laid down the rose which she had hitherto held in her hand. Mrs S. took it up, and immediately guessed the cause of Eliza's emotion; for it seemed the counterpart of the one which had produced the affecting conversation on that spot the preceding year. She seemed to hear again the fearful inquiry, "But I may die soon?" Then Eliza was in health, and she did hope such a thing *could* not be; now she beheld her delicate figure feebly coming up the gravel-walk, and she scarcely dared to hope that it might not be. When Eliza saw her mamma look so very sad, she said, "My dear mamma, why do you look so dull? it does indeed grieve me."

"Why did my Eliza wipe the tear from her eye when she gazed upon that rose?" "I dare say the same thoughts came into our minds

when we looked at it. Yet, mamma, you need not look so sorrowful, and I ought not to have shed one tear. Last year I might have cried, for I knew nothing but that death was some very awful change; but now, when I know that to die is only to be with Jesus, I am sure I should only be happy."

"But," said Mrs S. "do you wish to die?"

"There is one thing," answered Eliza with great seriousness, "which sometimes makes me not wish to die, and it is the fear of you and papa not meeting me in heaven."

Mrs S. was quite overcome by this solemn answer; for often of late had this fear been her own. After a short pause Eliza continued, "There are two verses in the Bible which have often comforted me under this fear; the one is, 'Jesus is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him;'" the other is, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Mrs S. was so much agitated, that, to the inquiring look which accompanied these words, she could only say, "Ah, my dear child, I have been a great—a very great sinner!" "I remember, mamma, when first I knew that I was a sinner, I was afraid, not that God could not

pardon me, but that he would not: but since the day I read of Jesus taking little children in his arms and blessing them, I have always felt that Jesus was my Saviour. I am sure, mamma, you wish to come to Jesus; do you not, dear mamma?" "I do, my love," said Mrs S. as she wept bitterly. With a face brightened up by a smile, Eliza said, "I believe you, mamma, when you say, 'I do wish to come to Jesus;' now let us believe Jesus when he says, 'Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out:' for God is called faithful, and he is holy, and what he says is true."

These interesting remarks from her own child, who thus became her teacher, were deeply impressed upon Mrs S.'s mind. And he who works by feeble instruments, blessed them as the means to strengthen and comfort her.

During that afternoon, Eliza was uncommonly cheerful, and she appeared better than she had been for many months. But transient were poor Mrs S.'s hopes. Next morning, while she was assisting Eliza in dressing, she exclaimed, "Oh mamma, my side!" and fell senseless in her arms. Some hours elapsed before she was sufficiently recovered to speak; the pain, though greatly abated, was not re-

removed, and she was very weak: and her cough which had hitherto been slight, now distressed her exceedingly. On Mr S.'s return how was he shocked to see the fearful change! He had been gone only a week, but pain and speedily increasing weakness had made ravages which he trembled to behold. The day after his return, Mr M. called; and Eliza begged she might be allowed to see him.

"I will not speak, I will only listen; that won't fatigue me." Mr M. could not but observe the almost irremediable alteration which had taken place since he had last seen her.

When she had thanked him for his kind inquiries, and made one or two in return, she said, "I promised, mamma, that I would not talk, but I can listen; speak to me of Jesus, for I want to know more of Him, that I may love him better."

She greatly enjoyed his conversation; and when he was going away, she said, "Do, when you have time, come again; and I am going to ask a favour, will you ask Mr —— to pray for me on Sabbath, for I love good people to pray for me."

"*Mr M.* "Willingly, my dear."

"Do you think," said she, looking timidly.

“ that he will do it ? we have no seats in his church.”

“ He will ;” replied Mr M., “ it will delight him to do it ; when he can do good, he never says, This one is not in my parish, that one does not sit under my ministry. I have often heard him say, that though he does not like to intrude upon the parish of another, he considers it his duty to visit, even in a ministerial capacity, when he is asked, although not within the limits of his own parish.”

“ And,” said Eliza, “ would he visit me ? for papa said he did not like to ask him, as we had no claim upon him.”

“ Shall I ask him ?” said Mr M. doubtfully.

“ We shall be much indebted to you,” answered Mrs S.

“ I hope he will consent to come,” said Eliza.

“ I do not doubt it ; good bye, my love.”

Mr and Mrs S.’s hopes were now almost gone. In the afternoon her medical attendants had a consultation, and, unwilling longer to cherish expectations which must soon, very soon be disappointed, they communicated as tender-

ly as possible, to the afflicted parents, the mournful truth, that no medical skill could restore the little invalid ; and that from the rapid progress of the disease, her sufferings could not be much prolonged. The extinguishment of the last ray of hope overwhelmed Mr S. He rushed to the bedside of his darling child, and laying his head upon the bed, he burst into an agony of tears. Eliza, who had suspected the danger of her situation, was now confirmed in the opinion, that she was soon to be removed from this world, and taking her papa's hand, she said " My beloved papa, are you sorry that I am soon to be perfectly happy, to have no more pain nor sorrow ? Oh papa, do not cry for me."

" No, my child, I need not cry for you, but I must for myself ; what shall I do when you are taken from me ?" " I am going to heaven, papa ; try to follow me." Mr S. groaned. She added, " Won't you—you must—indeed you must. Oh ! if I do not one day meet you in heaven I shall be—. But no, I forget I cannot but be happy ; but, my poor papa, I cannot bear the thought that he should not be happy also. Will you love Jesus ?" " You shall teach me." " Dearest papa, I will pray for you that God

may teach you, and give you a heart to love him."

The following day Mr —— called. When Eliza was told he was down stairs, she shed tears of joy. He sat with her for some time, and talked to her concerning those things in which she so much delighted. She then asked him to engage in prayer. "Ask for me from God, patience to suffer all the pain he appoints for me, and a heart filled with love to him."

On leaving her, he said he would return soon to see her; she seemed much gratified by this promise. Talking of him afterwards to her mamma, she said, "How very kind he is; I quite love him; often have I thought I should like to know such a man. I think I could tell him all my heart. Indeed I should like if he knew it. Mamma, next time he comes, will you allow me to see him alone?"

"Yes, my love, if you wish it."

According to his promise, Mr —— came again to see Eliza, and as she desired, she was left alone with him.

"Do you feel yourself better?" he asked, kindly taking her emaciated hand.

"No, sir, I shall never be better in this world."

"Are you afraid to die?"

“ No, sir, I know that when I die I shall go to be with Jesus ; and I am not afraid to be with him who has loved me so well.”

“ How has Jesus loved you ?”

“ God gave me every blessing I now enjoy : but the best blessing is the gift of his son Jesus ; and I must believe Jesus loves me, for when I did not love him, nor so much as think of him, he loved me, and then he made me love him. If I had been taken away a year ago, I should have died without any knowledge of myself or of Christ, and I must have gone to the abode of the wicked ; and was it not because God loved me that he spared me another year, till I had learnt those delightful things which now make me happy even when I think of death ?”

“ You are then perfectly happy in the prospect of death,” said Mr ——.

“ Not perfectly,” she answered ; and her voice faltered.

“ What, my dear Eliza, prevents your being perfectly happy ?”

“ I will tell you, sir, because when I am gone you may be useful to papa and mamma ; it is on their account that I am not perfectly happy.”

“ You are afraid,” said Mr —, “ that they will sorrow too much for you.”

“ I know they will, but that is not quite the reason. I fear they do not know Jesus as their Saviour, and therefore they cannot love him.”

The thought wrung her little heart. Mr — endeavoured to comfort her.

“ Who taught you, my dear Eliza, to know and to love Jesus ?”—“ I think it was God.”

“ Yes, it was he, and he alone can teach your beloved parents. Is he not both able and willing ?” “ Oh yes, I know he is,” she said with much earnestness.

“ And are you not willing then to leave them in the hands of one so able, and willing, and mighty ?”

“ And may we not pray for them ?”

“ Yes, we may, and we ought. There is a passage of Scripture which I think may comfort you, when anxious for the eternal welfare of those so justly dear to you. It is this, ‘ Be careful for nothing ; but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.’ ”

“ What a very sweet verse !” said Eliza.

“ It is indeed ; God by it seems to be say-

ing to you, ‘ Eliza, you are anxious concerning your parents, but you need not ; whatever you desire for them, tell me ; I am able, I am willing to do for them far more than you can either ask or think.’ ”

“ Thank you, sir, will you be so kind as tell me where I shall find that verse, for I am ashamed to say, I do not know ?”

“ It is in the epistle to the Philippians, the fourth chapter, but I do not remember the verse,” said Mr ——.

“ Here is my Bible,” said Eliza, seeing he was endeavouring to remember the verse.

He turned up the passage and shewed it to her. “ This will comfort me,” she said, as she with a pencil put a mark on the margin ; and there were many such marks in her Bible, for when she read a verse that struck her, she noted it thus.

Next morning was Sabbath, and she said to Mr S. “ Papa, won’t you go to church to-day ?”

“ No, my love,” he said, “ I cannot leave you.”

“ But, dear papa, mamma will be with me.”

“ Do you wish me to go from you, Eliza ?”

“ No, papa, only to church.”

“ I cannot, my child ; I must remain by you to watch you, to nurse you, to do the little I can for you.”

Eliza looked as if she could have repeated her request, but her father's tears prevented her. During the forenoon she coughed a great deal, and was so much exhausted that she could not converse or read above a verse at a time. In the evening, however, she seemed easier ; and having expressed a desire to sit up for a little, she was raised out of bed, and, by the affectionate care of her mamma, placed very comfortably in an easy chair. After all had been arranged for her, Mr S. thought of many things which he considered would tend to alleviate her painful weariness, and when he could devise nothing more, he said, “ Oh ! that I could bear my Eliza's sufferings.” The tone of his voice, and the tender anxiety depicted in his countenance, expressed more forcibly than words, his love for his Eliza. The dear child felt it, and looking at him, she said, “ Why do you love me so much, papa ?”

“ How can I but love you, my beloved child ?”

“ I am sure, papa, I never did any thing for you, or gave you any thing ?”

Mr S. could scarcely refrain from smiling, sad as he was, at this strange idea; but he answered, "Yes, my love, you have given me a great deal of pleasure."

"And a great deal of pain and trouble too."

"Do not speak of that, Eliza. I cannot bear it. You have always been a very obedient child."

"Oh no, papa, not always. Indeed I must speak of those things, because, papa, you love me a great deal too much, and God a great deal too little; although I have often, very, very often been naughty, and distressed you very much, but God has always, always done you good. It was he who gave you every thing you have, and it is he who offers you something better than them all—Jesus Christ 'his well beloved Son,' as the Bible says."

"Do you think, then," said her papa, "that I do not love God?"

Eliza's countenance, which had been animated while she so impressively addressed Mr S., was now covered with a slight blush. She looked down, and, fearful of having said too much as a child to a father, she took his hand and said, "Forgive me, papa."

“ I am not angry, my dearest child ; answer my question without fear ; I wish you to be candid.”

Thus encouraged, she said,

“ I do not say, my dear papa, that you do not love God at all, but you love me better, and that is sinful.”

“ But you know, Eliza, you are afraid I shall not go to heaven ; why do you think so ?”

“ Oh, papa, I hope you shall one day go to heaven : but”

“ But what, my child ?”

“ I am afraid, papa, it does not become me to speak to you in this way ; I am but a child.”

“ Do not refuse, my dear Eliza,” said Mrs S. “ to tell your papa and me what may be useful to us. It is no infringement of your duty to tell us in the present instance the truth ; you know we have asked you.”

“ In heaven, papa, there is no employment but praising God, ‘ they serve him day and night ;’ now, if we do not pray to God here, how can we do it in heaven ? If it be difficult one day in the week to think and to speak only of God, will it not be a weariness to do nothing else for ever and ever ? I have of-

ten been sorry, papa, to see this day, which God has commanded us to remember and keep it holy, spent in a very unholy manner : Worldly things thought of, and spoken about, and God quite forgotten, except the short time we were in church. Every night, while we slept and could not take care of ourselves, God watched over us ; but in the morning we never thanked him : and every day we had so many blessings, but at night we never praised him ; we have often sinned, but we never said, ‘Lord, forgive us.’”

“ This is too true,” said Mr S. ; “ now tell us what we ought to do ?”

“ If you would go to church regularly, and make the servants go, and every morning and evening read the Bible and pray with them.”

“ But Eliza,” said her mamma, “ might we not do all that, and yet not go to heaven ?”

“ Yes, mamma ; but if we earnestly desire and pray to God for a new heart, for a spirit to love him, and if we ask it for Jesus’ sake, he will give us what we ask ; and if God gives us a new heart and a new spirit, this will prepare us for the enjoyment and employment of heaven.”

Eliza felt fatigued, and she sat quietly for half an hour. She then said, "Papa, will you not begin to-night to pray with us?"

"I cannot to-night."

"Oh! do; your own Eliza begs it; do not refuse this one request. Perhaps I may never ask another. Pray with mamma and me to-night, and to-morrow morning begin with the servants."

"If I could I would, because you ask me, my dear Eliza; but I cannot pray."

"Don't do it because I ask you; but do it because God asks you; and he will teach you to pray."

Mr S. complied with her request: he read a chapter and then knelt down, and offered up the petitions of a heart (for the first time) seeking the grace of God. In the morning he assembled his family, and read a chapter and a prayer, for he could not compose himself to pray extempore. How much did this rejoice his sweet child!—In the afternoon Mr M. called, and to him Mr S. related the conversation of the preceding evening.

"I trust, my dear sir, you will continue to comply with her desire," said Mr M.

“ I fear,” replied Mr S., “ that it will be a vain service, a mocking of the Almighty.”

“ Are you not desirous of being a partaker of that grace which is so eminently displayed in your dear daughter ?”

“ I trust I now desire it, for it has produced a change in her which nothing else could have effected. It is not natural to man, much less to a child, to be so fearless of death, so perfectly resigned to whatever may be her lot.”

“ My dear friend, the grace of God can do all things. Continue to seek that grace, and be assured it will be yours.”

Mr M. went up stairs to inquire for Eliza. “ How are you, my dear little friend ?” said he.

“ Not very well, but very happy,” she answered, smiling.

“ Well, you see that God is still very good, for you might have been not only not well, but not happy.”

“ Oh yes, God is very good : this morning,” said she, “ I read a verse out of my sweet text-book,” lifting up Clarke on the Promises, “ and I am sure every hour, indeed oftener, I have felt how true that verse is.”

“ What was the verse ?”

“ It was 1 John iv. 16, ‘ And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love.’ Yes, God is love ! Is he not ? ”

. The following morning she had a severe fit of coughing, and expectorated, or rather vomited, a considerable quantity of blood. Poor Mrs S. turned round to conceal her emotion, and Eliza said in a low tone of voice to her nurse, “ I shall not be long here now, nurse.” When Mr —— came to see her in the forenoon, he found her very low and exhausted, and on his expressing his sympathy for her sufferings, she said, “ But Jesus loves me.” This was enough for her ; it made pain almost pleasure ; and it threw a sacred light which cheered her, while treading the valley of death. At her desire Mr —— prayed with her. When about to leave her, she said, “ You have been very kind to me ; God will bless you.”

Not long after she had a second attack ; which reduced her so low, that she appeared scarcely to breathe. For some hours she lay very calm, sometimes she seemed to sleep for a few minutes, and then she looked at her parents with perfect composure, but unable to utter a word. They never left her, but sat watching her

every look. After one of her short slumbers, she said, in a very feeble voice, but with a sweet smile, "My dear papa and mamma, I am going to Jesus, to Him who loved me, who died for me; He has been my Saviour, He offers to be yours: will you not choose Him?"

Mr S. eagerly listened to his dear instructress; he hung upon her every word, and waited for further lessons in that truth, and that wisdom, in which she was so deeply taught, and which she so beautifully exemplified. He gazed upon this much-beloved object; while Mrs S. kneeled down and said, "O blessed Redeemer, who hast been the Saviour of our dear child, who hast watched over her ever since she had a being, and hast now taken her to be with Thee in glory, condescend to be our Saviour."

Mr S. groaned,—could it be? Was his beloved Eliza gone? Mrs S. rose, and supported by strength beyond her own, she closed the eyes of her once suffering, now perfectly happy child, and attempted to draw the afflicted father from the dear remains. For some time he heard her not, but at last he was prevailed upon to withdraw. He retired to his study, where so often he had instructed his dear girl in those

branches of science which are ever useful in this life ; now, he had come from her death-bod, where he had learned the first lessons in that knowledge which was to make him wise to salvation. He wept, he prayed. Mrs S. after a little interval, joined him ; she had in her hand Eliza's Bible, and " sweet textbook."

" Come, my dear husband, let us now, with the disposition of little children, peruse this sacred book ; let us read it with prayer, with faith, and with love. ' We may go to our dear child, but she shall not return to us.' "

Painful as was this bereavement to Mr and Mrs S., it was not unaccompanied by mercy. Before, they had tasted the goodness of God, now, they were made to partake of his grace. The Lord made light to arise out of darkness.

Mr ——— was not unmindful of Eliza's request ; and on Wednesday he called upon Mr and Mrs S. to endeavour to draw their minds to the only source of comfort. From his visits, and those of Mr M. who could, from experience, sympathise in their present trial, they derived some consolation.

Many of the hours that intervened between the departure of the happy spirit, and the in-

terment of the precious clay, were spent by Mr S. in the apartment where she was laid. Frequently did he recall the workings of her mind for the last year of her life ; and often was he brought to say, as she herself had said, “ How great was the love of God towards her, in sparing her till she was made acquainted with those glorious truths which were her only pleasure, and which must now be the only comfort of her afflicted parents.”

“ Yes,” said Mrs S., “ and how great is the love of God towards us, that he has not only honoured us to be the parents of such a child, but has made this child the instrument, by which to lead us to the knowledge of himself as a God who is love ! Surely out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has ordained strength.”

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